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April 1932

William Preston Davies

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

WRITING ABOUT FORMS OF speech, dialect, and so forth, brought to mind the prevalence of what appears to be a southern accent among younger naval officers.

Davies

While my contacts with members of the force were brief, they were quite numerous, and I know of no reason why the conditions which I observed were not typical. There are all sorts of southern accents, but all have in common a certain broadening of the a's and a softening of the r's. These characteristics are also to be observed in New England, but there are other indescribable differences which make the two forms quite distinct.

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MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF naval officers, especially the younger ones, as a group, was that nearly all of them were southerners. It seemed very strange. Naval service is open on equal terms to residents of all sections of the country, and I could imagine no conditions that would make it so much more attractive to southerners than to northerners as to fill it with southern men. I have found that the impression given me is a rather common one. I have heard many persons express wonder that the service is so distinctly southern in its personnel.

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I FOUND THAT MY FIRST IMpression was wrong. Just what may be the proportion of southerners and northerners in the service I do not know, but I found that many of the young men whom I supposed might have come from Georgia or Tennessee had in fact come from Iowa or Montana or other northern states. Then why the accent? I was given an explanation, which I pass on for what it is worth. With comparatively few exceptions our naval officers are graduates of the United States naval academy at Annapolis. Annapolis is in Maryland, and while Maryland is not very far south it classifies generally as southern in sentiment and social usage. The boys who go to Annapolis, plastic and impressionable, spend four years in a distinctly southern atmosphere. Most of the speech which they hear is tinged with softness and mellowness of the south. Unconsciously they imitate it until presently they have adopted some of its characteristics as their own. That may not be a sufficient explanation, but it seemed reasonable to me.

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IN THIS COUNTRY WE HAVE accents northern and southern, New England and western, and to those born in the country they seem very different. Yet in England they are all classified as "American," as if they were all alike. And over in Europe they distinguish English from American as readily as we would distinguish German from Italian, although we speak the same language.

* * *

THEN WE HAVE THE SEVeral kinds of "English" that are spoken in Scotland. There are dialect comedians who appear to think that if they give enough roll to their r's they are talking perfect Scots. It has not occurred to them that there are several dialects in use in Scotland and that they are almost as unlike as separate languages.

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BACK OF THE DIALECTS ARE racial histories and traditions which have figured largely in many important events in Scotland. There is greater difference between the local speech of southern and northern Scotland than between southern and northern United States. The highland Scots are almost pure Celts, and Gaelic is their native speech. Their English is an adoption, and into their use of it there have been injected many ancient forms and idioms which are quite unknown to their southern neighbors.

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LOWLAND SCOTS ARE largely Saxon in origin, and their ancient speech has been modified by contact with the original Gaels. The northern Scots have adopted the Saxon tongue and colored it to suit themselves. The southerners retain their own Saxon speech background and have adopted some of the Gaelic forms. Even to one not very familiar with the two it is quite easy to distinguish marked differences between highland and lowland speech, and these differences are carried into local refinements which are beyond any one but the expert. I have understood that the McGregor and the Ferguson, the Campbell and the McDonald can identify each other by their speech as far as their voices can be heard. Scottish dialect, therefore, consists in a good deal more than filling a sentence full of burrs.

—W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

SEVERAL FLOCKS OF WILD geese flew north over Grand Forks on Tuesday, and those who pin their faith on the behavior of birds and beasts said "There go the geese. Now spring is here." On their way north those geese ran plunk into a young blizzard. Whether they turned tail and flew south again upon discovering their mistake, or got frozen in the ice somewhere, as thousands of their kind have done before, we have no means of knowing, but the fact is that they were fooled about the weather, although we have reached the time of year when everybody knows, without any information from geese, that spring is not far off.

Davies

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GEESE AND DUCKS ALIKE are utterly unreliable as weather prophets. Many thousands of ducks, fooled by warm weather into flying northward too soon, were caught in the northern states and Canada by the recent sudden cold and blizzards, according to officials of the American Game association.

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FLOCKS WHICH HAD REACHED Canada were observed retreating southward. Their path had been blocked by ice and snow, which ceiled lakes that until a few weeks before had been open water, and covered all food. Thousands of ducks, weak from starvation and lack of water, were trapped by the winter's surprise attack.

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EMERGENCY RELIEF WAS rushed to the ducks by game commissions and duck clubs in concentration areas from the Rocky Mountain region eastward to the Atlantic coast states. The Ohio Division of Conservation ordered every available game protector to distribute corn and wheat and carefully guard the waterfowl from further tragedy on their nuptial flight to the nesting grounds.

* * *

ON MONDAY, MARCH 14, OBservers reported that 100,000 ducks were starving in the Cedar Point Cove district of Ohio alone. Mallards, pintails, widgeon, teal and canvasbacks so weak they could hardly raise their heads from the ice were fed and watered. Because of the mild winter, waterfowl started their slow migration northward, with many stops along the way, early in February.

I HAVE NEVER HAPPENED to see geese frozen in the ice of ponds on which they had settled, but I have seen many ducks caught in this manner. The birds, deceived by premature warm weather, had supposed that it was time for the northern flight and had perished because they could not foresee the weather a day or two, or a hundred miles or so, ahead. The northern flight of the waterfowl is, nevertheless, a cheerful thing. It belongs to spring, and we associate it with warm weather, the upward movement of sap in the trees, the decking of the trees with foliage, the greening of meadows and the blooming of early flowers. I enjoy the honk, honk, of the geese overhead, even though they know no more about the weather than I do.

* * *

ANOTHER FAMILIAR SUPERstition is that an early Easter means an early spring. This year Easter came on March 27, within five days of its earliest possible date. Easter may be a full month later than it was this year. According to the tradition this should be an early spring.

* * *

IT IS NOW APRIL, AND, while open plowed fields are fairly free from snow, there are still remnants of drifts in all sheltered places, and it will take warm days and drying winds to make seeding general by the 8th or 10th of the month. That is just about the average time, neither very late nor very early. We have often had a week's seeding in March.

* * *

THERE IS NO DIRECT CONnection between Easter and any natural phenomena except that the time is of the vernal, or paschal full moon is used as a basis. But all the rest of it is as man-made as election day. Hundreds of years ago certain individuals decided that the festival should be solemnized on a date fixed by a purely arbitrary method of reckoning. The time may be set for a given fixed date, as the second or third Sunday in April, and the change will have no effect whatever on the weather.

* * *

NEXT YEAR EASTER WILL fall on April 16. The method of computing the date is quite involved. and for the non-professional person a table is required. Most of the standard almanacs contain tables for this purpose, and also for ascertaining the day of the week on which a given date will fall or did fall at any time within about 200 years.

—W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

TO THE YOUNG MAN PLANning a career I should recommend bank robbery in preference to kidnaping. There are several objections to kidnaping. While the act itself may not be difficult, the custody of the kidnaped person may prove embarrassing. Possession of the subject is of no advantage in itself. That is merely a means to an end, the, end being the acquisition of money. There may be delays in getting into contact with the persons who are expected to pay the ransom. They may not have the money, or they may not think the rescue worth the price. During the negotiations the kidnaped person must be fed, lodged and kept out of sight. All the time expenses are running up and there is always danger of detection. There is also a popular prejudice against kidnaping which must be given consideration.

Davies

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BANK ROBBERY PRESENTS none of these difficulties. It can be performed in broad daylight and in a perfectly genteel manner. Even a threat of violence is seldom necessary. Uusually the mission of the robbers can be explained in a few quiet words, and the procedure has become so standardized and so well understood that resistance is seldom offered. Then, when the loot is gathered. the robbers are immediately in possession of their spoil and need only enter their waiting car and drive off. There are no later negotiations, no bargaining, no waiting, no doubt as to money being paid, no need to provide for the maintenace and custody of a hostage. And, inasmuch as the bank is always insured, and the insurance cmpany receives a premium sufficient to cover the risk, popular sentiment is not aroused as in the case of kidnaping.

* * *

PRESS DISPATCHES TELL OF the death of Thomas Jefferson, veteran actor, at the age of 85. Thomas Jefferson succeeded his father, Joseph Jefferson the elder, in the role of Rip Van Winkle, which the father created and made famous. He appeared in Grand Forks in that character on October 27, 1904, playing to a crowded house and creating an excellent impression. Joseph Jefferson Sr. never visited Grand Forks, but all three of his sons, Joseph, William and Thomas, did. Thomas inherited his father's great play and starred in it for many years. He never reached the high place in public esteem which was occupied for so many ears by his father, which fact was due in part, no doubt, that those who had seen the father were unwilling to admit that anyone else could equal him. Thomas not only succeeded his father in the part which the father had made famous, but also succeeded Frank Bacon, after the latter's death, in "Lightnin'," which is the one play by which Bacon is remembered.

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YOUNG JOSEPH AND WILliam also appeared in Grand Forks in "The Rivals," around which the traditions of generations has gathered. Rather curiously "Rip Van Winkle," and "The Rivals," in which these three brothers made their only visits to Grand Forks, were given less than two months apart, "The Rivals" being given on December 23, 1904.

* * *

SOME OF OUR RADIO LISTeners heard an announcer in Yankton on a recent evening telling of a terrific storm which swept over the Northwest on that same date in 1873. I did not hear the broadcast, but as I recall the story as it was told me, a company of soldiers had arrived at Yankton and had made camp a mile or so out of the little town. The storm came up suddenly and the weather turned bitterly cold. Snow filled the air after the usual fashion of the fierce blizzard. The soldiers were out on the prairie in their tents and were likely to perish unless they could be brought to better shelter. Any attempt to help them would be hazardous, for it was impossible to see more than a few feet through the flying snow.

* * *

IN THIS EMERGENCY A young man named Judson LaMoure appeared and took charge of the work of rescue. He organized the men of the town, obtained quantities of rope from the hardware store, and with the rope for guidance he and the others worked their way to the tents and conducted the stormbound men to safety.

* * *

THOSE WHO HEARD THIS story and who had known the "Jud" LaMoure whose name became one of the most familiar in North Dakota, were reminded of one of the outstanding characteristics of the man whom they had known, namely, his capacity for leadership. With a gruff manner, often assumed to conceal unusual sensitiveness and emotionalism, he came to be regarded as a man on whom it was safe to rely in a crisis, whether in a blizzard or a political contest. —W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

J. B. STEWART JR., OF MANdan, "out where the west begins," writes that he will like this column better than ever now that he knows I came from Brantford, which I take to be a compliment to the old town. Hope all Brantford people will appreciate it. Mr. Stewart writes: "We were neighbors in old Ontario. I am from, Tavistock, not far from Brantford, and quite near the Drumbo swamp, where Birchell murdered Benwell. I was born on the edge of the Queen's bush, but came with my parents to Tavistock when I was but 5 years old. Then the stages ran from Woodstock to Stratford and on to Goderich. I saw the first engine puff in from Paris on the Buffalo and Lake Huron road.

Davies

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"I HAVE SEEN THOSE LARGE rack loads of empty barrels, of which you write not long ago, plow through the snow. The Family Herald and Weekly Star, with George Brown's Toronto Globe, was our reading matter.

* * *

"I CAME UP THE LAKES TO Port Arthur. Oh, boy! After two days I went on to Duluth and then on to Moorhead. After waiting there three days I went down the Red on the old Selkirk with Captain Griggs and Captain Maloney and landed in Winnipeg in June, 1875. Grasshoppers were there by millions and settlers were leaving the country.

* * *

"THAT SUMMER MAYOR ASHdown started to build his brick hardware store, and I worked on that job. I have been wondering if I didn't handle some of the Newport brick that you mentioned in your column some time ago. They were good brick, but heavy, and hard on the back to lift and wheel for $1.75 per day and eat Pemmican for dinner.

* * *

"I CAME TO NORTH DAKOTA in 1880, homesteaded near Cashel, and got along fine. I have the same homestead yet. John Zejdlik, of Zejdlik & Martin, of East Grand Forks, was my neighbor, and a good one, too. And as Larry Ho says in the Dispatch, goodbye and God bless you. Write some more about good old Ontario."

* * *

THAT'S WHAT I SHALL CERtainly do. Now comes J. A. Wilkinson, of Walhalla, who also remembers many details of the Benwell murder, because he was born 63 years ago about four miles from Woodstock and is familiar with all that vicinity. He was in Woodstock on the day of Birchell's execution. According to his recollection that occurred November 14, 1890.

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FORTY YEARS AGO MR. Wilkinson came to North Dakota and settled at Cashel, Walsh county, where he lived until 1903. Since then he has lived in Cavalier and Pembina counties.

* * *

"SOME TIME AGO," WRITES Mr. Wilkinson, you wrote about the old-fashioned binders which were in use in the early days. The first binder that came to our county at that time was made at Brantford. It was a wire binder which cut about 4½ feet, and it took a gate 26 feet wide for passage. People came 20 miles to see it work. The price of the binder was $350. I think that was in 1879."

* * *

THE BINDER MENTIONED by Mr. Wilkinson must have been made by John Harris, who built up a large harvester business and later joined forces with the Masseys of Toronto to form the Massey-Harris company, which is to Canada what the International is to the United States.

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I AM INDEBTED TO J. R. GIBney, of Bathgate, for a copy of the verses which the murderer, Birchell, wrote while in prison awaiting execution. One stanza, received from another friend, was given some days ago. The complete effusion would occupy more space than I have to spare for it.

* * *

THANKS ARE EXTENDED TO those who have sent in verses relating to the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby. Some of those verses are good—some not so good. As it is impossible to publish all, or nearly all, of them, it seems better not to publish any.

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DURING THE LEGISLATIVE session of 1889-90, in which the notorious lottery bill was the bone of contention, a petition protesting against the passage of the bill was signed by about 100 Grand Forks citizens, and interviews were published in The Herald in which the speakers expressed themselves briefly, but vigorously, with reference to the bill. A characteristic statement was made by Budd Reeve, then, as now, of Buxton. It ran thus:

* * *

"IF WE CAN'T HAVE THE Louisiana lottery at Buxton I'm in favor of its coming to Grand Forks. I have a mule that I've wanted to raffle for two years and don't dare to do it for fear of being arrested for gambling. Give me a precedent under the law, and away goes the mule." —W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

IN A GROUP OF MEN CONversation turned on the manner in which Salvation Army girls were received in the saloons long ago when they made their daily calls, with tambourines extended for the offerings of those who chose to give. There were rough crowds in those places sometimes. Quite often the language heard lacked polish. But no one recalled a case in which one of those girls, in homely gown and red-trimmed bonnet, had been treated with other than perfect respect and courtesy. Upon the appearance of one of those girls boisterous conversation ceased, the ribald story was suspended, the oath was caught in mid-air, and it seemed a point of honor to drop at least a small coin into the tambourine as the girl passed by.

Davies

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ONE GIRL WAS GIVEN A novel, and, doubtless, a pleasant experience. Back of one of the saloons near the bridge was a large rough plank platform, level with the main floor, and uncovered except for the branches of a great cottonwood tree which overhung it and gave refreshing shade on the hottest day. For those who liked cold beer—and some did—it was a pleasant place to spend an hour on a hot July afternoon.

* * *

ON ONE SUCH AFTERNOON a dozen or more men sat enjoying the shade and the variant breezes, and sipping beer. Into this company came a Salvation Army girl and made her customary round among those who were seated at the little tables. A few nickels and dimes were dropped into her tambourine and she was about to leave when one member of the party who may be called Harry, called out, "Hold on, sister! How much did you get?" The girl extended her tambourine for inspection. Its contents were rather slim. "That's not enough," said Harry. "We've got to do better than that. But let's sing something. You start it."

* * *

WITHOUT HESITATION THE girl responded, simply and naturally, starting a familiar gospel hymn. Male voices joined, and something resembling a chorus effect was produced. "That's better," said Harry. "Now try again with the tambourine." The tambourine was passed, and this time with better results. "Now," said Harry, "let's sing something else. And you fellows loosen up. Not half of you sang that time. But first let's have the glasses filled."

* * *

GLASSES WERE REFILLED, and the singing was resumed, and at suitable intervals Harry himself passed the tambourine. The company entered into the spirit of the thing, alternately singing gospel hymns, sipping beer, and dropping nickels and dimes into the tambourine. Through that impromptu concert the girl maintained her quiet poise and modest demeanor, the men chatted quietly between numbers, and they sang those songs as reverently as if they had been in church. When Harry thought that the concert had continued long enough he called for a motion to adjourn, and the company disbanded, the girl with her tambourine heavily weighted with small coin.

* * *

I HOPE NO ONE WILL GET the impression from anything in this column that murder was of common occurrence in Ontario 50 years ago. It wasn't. But there were a few murders, such as that of Benwell, which attracted wide attention because of unusual features, and I have a letter from William Mayo, of Rolla, who lived in the vicinity where the Donnelly murder was committed, and who has occasion to remember it well.

* * *

IN THAT CASE EITHER SEVen or eight members of one family were killed, the elder Donnelly couple and their niece at their home, which was then burned, a son, Bob, shot back of a hotel in the village of Lucan, Tom at the home of his brother Bill, and others in ways which Mr. Mayo does not recall.

IT IS MR. MAYO'S UNDERstanding that Bill Donnelly, whom he remembers well, was the member of the family whom the murderers wished to kill, and in their search for him they butchered the whole family. Bill escaped, and was heard from in Manitoba in 1882.

* * *

PERSONALLY I HAVE NOT been addicted to murder, though there is no telling what might happen if I should meet and recognize a radio crooner. Also, most of my Ontario acquaintances have escaped the gallows and kept out of jail.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

THERE IS A GOOD DEAL OF pleasure in thumbing over the pages of an old book, which is what I have been doing with "Adam Bede." Those who have read the book will remember Mrs. Poyser, the English farm lady whose good heart and managerial ability were equaled only by the sharpness of her tongue and the shrewdness of her observations. Years ago someone published a little book or pamphlet under the title "Mrs. Poyser's Opinions," which contained a collection of the sayings of the good lady, culled from the book, and which presented some very human philosophy stated in a terse and picturesque way. I have no intention of performing a similar task, but I offer a few selections that I have noted in thumbing over the pages of the book.

Davies

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FARMING, IN THOSE DAYS as in some others, was not what it was sometimes cracked up to be, as witness Mrs. Poyser's remarks when the young squire had suggested that he might turn farmer himself:

* * *

"OH, SIR, YOU WOULDN'T like it all. As for farming, it's putting money into your pocket wi' your right hand and fetching it out wi' your left. As fur as I can see, it's raising victual for other folks, and just getting a mouthful for yourself and your children as you go along. Not as you'd be like a poor man as wants to get his bread; you could afford to lose as much money as you like i' farming; but it's poor fun losing money farming, I should think, though I understan' it's what the great folks i' London play at more than anything.

* * *

"IT'S MORE THAN FLESH AN' blood 'ull bear sometimes, to be up early and down late, and hardly sleeping a wink when you lie down for fear the cheese may swell, or the cows may slip their calf, or the wheat may grow green again i' the sheaf—and after all, at th' end o' the year, it's like as if you'd been cooking a feast and had got the smell of it for your pains."

DINAH, MRS. POYSER'S niece, had "taken up" with the Methodists and served as a lay preacher. Mrs. Poyser had no great opinion of this strange sect. She preferred the orderliness of the Established church and her own comfortable, well-groomed pastor.

* * *

"IT'S A SUMMAT-LIKE TO SEE such a man as that i' the desk of a Sunday," she assured her niece. "As I say to Poyser, it's like looking at a full crop o' wheat, or a pasture with a fine dairy o' cows in it; it makes you think the world's comfortable-like. But as for such creatures as you Methidisses run after, I'd as soon go look at a lot o' bare-ribbed runts on a common. Fine folks they are to tell you what's right, as look as if they'd never tasted nothing better than a bacon-sword and sour-cake i' their lives."

* * *

COMMENTING THAT "IT'S ILL livin' in a hen-roost for them as doesn't like fleas" which was brought forth by the statement that Lisbeth Bede, mother of two grown sons, seemed not to like to have young women about, Mrs. Poyser delivered herself thus on the subject of marriage:

* * *

"BUT SHE MUST LEARN TO 'commodate herself to young women, for it isn't to be counted on as Adam and Seth 'ull keep bachelors for the next ten year to please their mother. That 'ud be unreasonable. It isn't right for old nor young to make a bargain all o' their own side. What's good for one's good all around i' the long run. I'm no friend to young fellows a-marrying afore they know the difference atween a crab and an apple; but they may wait o'er long."

* * *

NOW I AM ALL AT SEA AGAIN. Who wrote "Robin Adair?" A radio announcer has just attributed the words to Burns. Somewhere I have seen those words credited to a Lady Douglas. I started to search. The song does not appear in my volume of Burns. No reference book that I have says anything about Lady Douglas. In one little collection of old-time songs the words are ascribed to Caroline Keppel and in another to Caroline Keapel. The music, wherever I find it, is described simply as a Scottish air. Where does Burns come in, if at all, and where Lady Douglas?

W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

TO THE WRITER OF A PERsonal letter dated April 5, and signed only "A Subscriber:" The fact that the letter bears no personal signature rules it out of consideration, no matter what its subject matter or its form of treatment. This particular letter was not intended for publication. It is unobjectionable in form and content. It asks for a certain course of action which would require investigation for the verification of some statements of fact. Such investigation would take the time of several persons, all of whom have specific duties to perform. I am invited to undertake this, and have others participate in it, with no information that anything of the sort is required or desirable save the unsupported statement of some person of whom I know nothing whatever, and who signs himself, or herself "A Subscriber."

Davies

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NEWSPAPERS REQUIRE CORrespondents to sign their real names to their letters. Sometimes the writer has valid reasons for not wishing his name made public. A request that the name be withheld is always granted, to the extent that the name will not be published. Whether or not the letter itself will be published without the author's name is a matter which the editor must decide in each case.

* * *

LETTERS NOT INTENDED for publication must also be properly signed. If they call for attention of any kind the recipient must at least know the identity of his correspondent. Blind-man's buff is interesting enough, as a game, but no one wishes to engage in it as a matter of business, at least, if he is the one to wear the blind.

* * *

WRITERS WHO WISH TO hide their identity sometimes try to circumvent the requirement for genuine signatures by signing fictitious names. They forget, perhaps, that there are city directories, and telephones, both local and long distance. When these agencies are employed and the person whose name is signed cannot be located, the assumption is that the signature is fictitious and the letter goes into the waste basket.

* * *

THERE IS A RATHER PREVAlent misunderstanding of the matter of liability for libelous publication. Occasionally a newspaper receives from an irate citizen a letter denouncing some individual as a liar, a horse-thief, and a generally undesirable person . Publication is refused on the ground that the statement are libelous. The writer points to the fact that he has signed his own name to the letter and is therefore willing to assume full responsibility for it. Sometimes it is difficult to get him to understand that this does not relieve the newspaper in any way. A newspaper is liable for the publication of a libelous statement, no matter by whom signed.

* * *

ONE NEWSPAPER MAN OF my acquaintance, on receiving such a communication, declined to publish it because of its libelous character, when the writer said: "You go ahead and publish it. I'm perfectly responsible, and if that fellow brings suit and sticks you for damages I'll pay the bill." "That's fair enough," said my friend, but I'm taking no chances. You may die in the meantime. You give me a surety bond for $50,000, and I'll publish the letter." The letter was not published.

* * *

SPEAKING OF INDEMNITY bonds reminds me of the device employed by a Winnipeg man some years ago to protect his private stock of liquid refreshments during Manitoba's experiment with prohibition. He was not what would be called a drinking man, but he liked a little liquor in the house for the occasional use of himself and his friends. Before the late prohibition law went into effect he laid in a fairly large supply of bottled goods and felt amply protected against prospective drouth.

* * *

WHILE LIQUOR COULD BE obtained, and was obtained, during the prohibition period, its procurement entailed some inconvenience, and when it became known that my friend had a considerable supply in his cellar, he had numerous applications for the purchase of a bottle or so. He was not in the liquor business; he did not intend to violate the law; and he did not wish to have his own private stock depleted. Yet he did not wish to seem unaccommodating. Therefore he devised a plan. To each applicant he said: "I'll sell you a bottle of Scotch, this way: You give me your personal check, or cash, for six dollars. That's what the stuff cost me. Also, you give me a certified check for $213 which will be the amount of fine and costs if I'm pinched . I'll hold the certified check for three months, and if nothing happens by that time, I'll return it." He never made a sale, and his stock lasted him until long after the prohibition law was repealed.

—W. P .DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

IN A GROUP OF THIRTY OR forty men who had gathered one evening at a Grand Forks home there was conversation on the subject of age. One member of the party made a check and found that of the entire party fifteen were within about a year, one way or the other, of 70 years of age. It was considered rather curious that in a company assembled without reference to age, so many should have seen so nearly the same number of summers and winters. Perhaps some persons of about that age may be interested in some verses on the progress of years which were written by Frank F. Failor, brother of A. L. Failor, of this city. Here they are:

Davies

* * *

SEVENTY-THREE TODAY.

By Frank F. Failor.

In the far dim past, when a very small boy,
As I stood at my mother's knee,
My heart was filled with peace and joy,
And my age was only three.

In twenty years more I became a man,
And the future looked bright to me;
I was shaping my life to a definite plan
At the age of twenty-three.

In twenty years more I would greet my friends
And engage in repartee;
If I quarreled with them I would make amends
At the age of forty-three.

Twenty years more—how time does fly!
Like a ship on a stormy sea;
It seems like a dream as it passes by
At the age of sixty-three.

Now friends, let us turn another page.
I am active, as you can see;
And am feeling fine, for a man of my age,
For today I am seventy-three.

* * *

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF Aloysius McGuirk? I was reminded of him when I read of recent experiments in steering airplanes by radio. It is many years since I read of Aloysius, and I don't recall who wrote the story, but it was well done.

* * *

IN THE OLD DAYS, WHEN RElations between England and Ireland were less cordial than they have since become, Aloysius lived in a little village on the Irish coast near an excellent harbor. He was an elderly man, bachelor of moderate means, and he had two consuming passions, one for scientific experimentation, and the other to see Ireland freed, preferably by violence.

* * *

IN THE COURSE OF HIS EXperiments he had discovered some interesting facts concerning the influence of sound, and he had made a lot of curious little gimcracks which he could make perform in amusing ways by varying the sounds which he directed toward certain receiving apparatus built into his mannikins and other figures. A fantastic idea took possession of him. Why not build torpedoes which could be steered by sound and which could be used to destroy British shipping?

* * *

ALOYSIUS DEVOTED HIMself to this task. He built torpedoes and into them he built sensitive diaphrams connected with the steering gear, and he adjusted their separate units so that they would respond to the tones of a flute, which he played with some skill. When he had practically perfected his first torpedo he built a small fleet of them according to the same design. He rehearsed them with heads weighed to correspond to the explosive charges with which he intended to equip them for actual service, and presently he had them so that as he stood on the sand he could direct their course far out into the bay and then recall them by playing different notes on his flute.

* * *

JUST THEN HE LEARNED that a British fleet was about to pay a visit to the harbor near which he lived. Here was his opportunity. He tuned up his torpedoes, inserted their war heads and laid them in a row on the beach. Away out at sea the fleet appeared. It approached, and, in beautiful formation ship after ship cast anchor. Aloysius launched his torpedoes, started their clockwork mechanism and with his flute directed them toward the ships. In a few minutes every ship would be blown out of the water. But just at that moment all the bands on all the ships began to play in unison "The Wearin' of the Green." The music made its impact on the torpedo diaphrams and every torpedo turned and headed for the shore. In vain poor Aloysius sounded his flute. The bands were too strong for him, and at the same instant the torpedoes struck the shore and they and Aloysius were reduced to invisible fragments.

—W. P. DAVIES.

IT IS ALWAYS INTERESTING to hear the radio talks on wild life by Prof. Jackson of the Manitoba Agricultural college. Many of these talks deal especially with the wild life of Manitoba, and, as Manitoba is our next-door neighbor, with topographical and climatic conditions much like our own, the descriptions given apply quite well to the wild life of our own state.

Davies

On Thursday evening Prof. Jacksnon spoke of migratory birds, describing the habits of many of the birds which spend their summers in the northern part of the continent and their winters in the far south. Many of the birds with which we are familiar make semi-annual flights of thousands of miles, the bob-o'-link, for instance, wintering in the great Chaco district of Argentina, where it feeds on the rice which is one of the great staples of that country.

* * *

MANY OF US SAW WILD geese flying north last week. Prof. Jackson had something to say about them. Several small flights of geese, he said, were seen to turn south about the vicinity of Emerson. This was due, he said, to the fact that north of Morris, which is about 30 miles north of the border, the Red River valley was covered with snow. When the scouting parties discovered this they turned back and the main flight was checked. When the advance squadrons fail to return, he said, the birds in the main body know that it is safe to go ahead. Snow, he explained, confuses the birds by obscuring their landmarks, and warns them that they will have difficulty in finding open water. Other flights, he reported, had gone on north by way of Brandon, western Manitoba being free from snow.

* * *

ONE OR TWO WHOOPING cranes were reported in North Dakota last year. Prof. Jackson says that only 24 of these great birds have been reported in Manitoba during the past 10 years.

* * *

THE FIRST ROBIN HAS made its appearance in numerous localities. I saw one the other evening in the act of swallowing an angle worm—another case of the early bird and the early worm. Tulips are growing, after standing still, very fortunately, for a month. I'm hoping now that they will not bloom until hard freezing weather is over.

* * *

SOVIET RUSSIA IS SOWING wheat by airplane. On a state farm in central Asia four planes were used for 15 days, sowing at the rate of 300 acres a day each. The planes flew at an average height of 85 feet, traveling 62 miles an hour, and sending out a continuous spray of grain 65 feet wide.

* * *

THERE ARE A GOOD MANY men now living in the northwest who will doubt the practicability of sowing grain in this manner, because they have had experience with something of the sort, not with airplanes, it is true, but with a similar method of spreading seed grain. It all dates back, of course, to the days when "the sower went forth to sow," carrying his sack in front of him and spreading the grain right and left with rhythmical strokes as he strode across the field. That process distributed the grain on the surface of the ground, leaving it to be covered by raking or harrowing in.

* * *

LONG AGO THERE WAS INvented a seeder which, drawn by horses distributed the grain from a hopper and had a set of cultivator teeth attached, so that sowing and covering was done at one operation. By this means the seed was still scattered on the surface, and the covering was imperfect.

* * *

OPERATIONS WERE THEN speeded up by the use of what was called the shot-gun seeder. The essential part of this was a whirling flanged disc, upon which the seed ran from a hopper, and was distributed, right, left and rear, covering a strip 24 to 30 feet wide. This little machine was attached to the rear of a wagon box and was driven by a chain from a sprocket wheel on the rear wagon wheel.

* * *

WITH THIS MACHINE A GOOD team could sow 30 acres a day. If the team was steady, the driving accurate, and the air quiet seeding could be done with surprising evenness. After sowing the grain was harrowed in, and, as a harrow covered more ground than the older cultivator-seeder, considerable time was saved.

* * *

STRONG WINDS, HOWEVER, being always gusty, made sowing patchy, and because the grain was sown on the surface the planting was uneven. Some of the kernels were left on the surface while others were covered two or three inches deep. There was therefore considerable variation in germination and ripening. There was also trouble with blowing in a windy spring. Presently the drill was invented, and all the old broadcast methods were abandoned.

* * *

WITH THAT BACKGROUND of experience with broadcasting I am wondering what will happen to seed sown on a windy day from a height of 85 feet from a seeder going a mile a minute. Also, I wonder how the plane is to be kept from swerving a few feet out of line occasionally as a side wind strikes it. Then there is still the fact that the grain will lie on the surface, which has never been quite satisfactory.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

PROFESSIONAL MAGICIANS, who, off-stage, seem much like other people, have created for themselves a little world of their own into which none but they may enter. There exists the Society of American Magicians, to which most of the members of the cult in this country belong, which meets occasionally to enable the members to fraternize, exchange trade secrets and protect those secrets from the outside world. Also, without formal organization there is throughout the world a fraternity of craftsmanship which binds together those of many climes and nations whose business it is to mystify multitudes by performing the seemingly impossible.

Davies

* * *

ALL THIS IS SET FORTH BY John Mulholland, himself a master magician, in a Minneapolis Journal article. Among other things, Mulholland tells of an informal party held five years ago at the home of Houdini on Long Island, at which there were present, in addition to Houdini and his wife, Thurston, Adelaide Hermann and others equally well known in the world of mystery.

* * *

I READ THE ARTICLE WITH considerable interest because I had seen several of the persons mentioned, and some of them had visited Grand Forks. Houdin was the first professional magician whom I ever saw. That was between fifty and sixty years ago, when he was at the top of his profession. Houdin's name was adopted and slightly extended by the man who later did so many sensational things under the name "Houdini."

* * *

ADELAIDE HERMANN IS—IF still living—the widow of Hermann "the Great," who died many years ago. For some years his widow carried on her late husband's work of illusion with the assistance of a young man who was either her own or her husband's nephew. They visited Grand Forks about 25 years ago and gave an elaborate performance. The young man performed the tricks and the lady bowed, smiled, and provided the attractive environment.

* * *

ONE OF THE GREAT MAGICIANS mentioned in the article is Kellar, who also gave a performance in Grand Forks. Kellar was a top-notcher who had a line of amazing tricks and who took great pains to keep his secrets to himself. It was one of the conditions of his contract at the Metropolitan that no one should be permitted in the boxes nearest to the stage and that only his own people should be permitted on the stage or in the wings. It was said that even his own assistants were as greatly mystified by some of his tricks as were those in the auditorium. The article says that the trick of making a girl vanish in the air cost Kellar and his successor, Thurston, $50,000.

* * *

McEWAN, WHO SHOWED IN Grand Forks many times, had such a trick, commonly called a levitation act, which was the best I ever saw. I am quite sure McEwan never spent $50,000 on the equipment for it. One of the features of this act was that it was performed right at the front of the stage, with all the lights turned on, without curtains or anything else to obstruct or confuse the view.

* * *

AFTER THE USUAL HOCUS-pocus of catelpsy McEwan's girl was laid out on a couch before him, and as he waved his hands over her she was raised clear of the couch, which was then rolled aside, leaving only the girl in mid-air and the performer standing behind her. The magician then passed a large steel hoop twice completely over her body and rolled it away. That act was repeated nightly for a week. It puzzled me greatly, and I tried to figure it out, but was unable to do so until Gus Myers, manager of the house, gave me a tip, saying that it was necessary for the performer in that act to wear a frock coat. With that lead I was able to solve the mystery. The thing was very ingeniously contrived.

* * *

I THINK THE MOST STARTling stunt of the kind that I ever saw was performed by a stout old magician whose name I have forgotten. His act was toward the rear curtain in a somewhat dim light. This chap laid his girl out on a low stand, threw a light drape over her, and made the usual passes. When the covered form was raised a foot or so the stand was removed, leaving the draped body afloat in the air. Then, after the customary patter, the magician, who had been moving freely about the stage, approached the suspended form and reached out, evidently to remove the drape. Everybody had seen girls floating in the air before, and nobody was greatly interested. The cloth was snatched away, and, greatly to our astonishment, there wasn't any girl there. There wasn't anything. It was fairly simple, but it was a good stunt, because of its unexpectedness.

—W. P. DAVIES.

SOME TIME AGO I MENTIONED the manner in which old Herald people have become scattered throughout the country. One runs across them almost everywhere.

Davies

The other day George A. Bangs returned from Florida and reported having had a visit with W. L. Straub at St. Petersburg. Straub preceded me as editor of The Herald, and for some time we worked together. But Straub liked a warm climate, and betook himself to Florida where the air was comfortable and the fishing good. In the little fishing village of St. Petersburg he picked up a little weekly paper, the Times, with which to amuse himself while he was not fishing.

* * *

THE VILLAGE BECAME A city, and the weekly paper became a daily. It is still growing and prospering, with Straub as editor and publisher. A few years ago I had a fine visit with Straub, found him hale and hearty, and I should say fifty pounds heavier than when he was in Grand Forks. At that time his favorite sport was lawn bowling, at which he had become expert. Here we played shuffleboard, and I could beat him, although I never could get him to admit it.

* * *

I HAVE RECEIVED NEW light on "Robin Adair," which a radio announcer attributed some time ago to Robert Burns. I was quite certain that was wrong, but I had seen long ago the song attributed to a Lady Douglas, and I could find no trace of her, but found the song everywhere credited to Caroline Keppel.

* * *

MRS. HENRY HALE, OF DEVils Lake, supplies information published in "Good Old Songs," published by Oliver Ditson & Co., crediting the words to Caroline Keppel, 1750, and the arrangement to Kingley.

* * *

MRS. HALE HAS ALSO COPied this paragraph from "Songs Every Child Should Know," by Doubleday, Page & Co.:

* * *

"THE MUSIC HAD ITS ORIGIN in the Irish song, "Eileen Aroon," (Ellen, the treasure of my heart) which was written about 1450. The words were written to Robin Adair, who was known to King George III as the "Lucky Irishman." It was written in a fit of love-sickness by Lady Keppel and just before her marriage to Robin. Handel so loved the tune that he maintained he had rather have written it than to have written all his own compositions put together."

MRS. J. E. GALBRAITH, OF Cavalier, has found a description of the song and of romantic incidences relating to it in an old book entitled "Songs That Never Die," compiled by Henry Frederick Reddall, the article reading as follows:

* * *

"'ROBIN ADAIR,' ONE OF THE most touching love songs in existence, has been called a Scotch song set to an Irish air. The air, that of 'Eileen Aroon,' which signified 'sweet pearl of my heart,' was written by one Carroll O'Daly, an Irish knight. O'Daly loved the daughter of a neighboring chieftain, Ellen Cameron, who returned his love. Her parents were opposed to the match, and O'Daly, having gone abroad, made her believe him untrue and secured her consent to marriage with his rival. O'Daly returned on the day before the wedding. On learning what was about to take place he composed the song, and next day, disguised as a larrier (presumably a minstrel) sang it to the bride. In response to the question 'Wilt thou stay or go with me, Eileen Aroon?' she contrived to whisper that she would go, and they fled together and were married.

* * *

"ROBIN ADAIR WAS A YOUNG Irishman of good family, who was graduated from Dublin university as a surgeon and set out for London about 1760. On the way he had the good fortune to set the leg of an English countess who had been thrown from her carriage. Through her offices he was introduced to English society and eventually loved and was loved by the daughter of the earl of Albemarle, who learned the air from him and wrote the words. The lovers being separated by their difference of station, the lady lived until the earl was compelled to consent to her marriage with Adair to save her life. Her disease had gone too far, however, and she soon died.

* * *

"ADAIR BECAME SURGEON to George III and was knighted, but, to his death, he always wore mourning for his bride. A lady friend who had heard the author sing 'Robin Adair' wrote down the words and music and gave them to Braham, a celebrated English tenor of the period. No other song except 'Home, Sweet Home,' ever had such popularity."

* * *

KEPPEL WAS THE FAMILY name of the earl of Albemarle, and Lady Caroline was his daughter. We have in this beautiful song the warp and woof of two romances, centuries apart, and the woven pattern has all the exquisite delicacy of love and chivalry. It is rather strange that the song should so generally be thought to have originated in Scotland. From the above accounts all the persons associated with either words or music were either Irish or English.

—W. P. DAVIES.

REFERENCE WAS MADE IN this column some time ago to the part played by James Robinson, now assistant general freight agent of the Great Northern, in the transportation of Canadian troops around the north shore of Lake Superior to aid in the suppression of the second Riel rebellion in 1885. Mrs. Wallace Huff, a Grand Forks lady, has good reason to remember the disturbances fomented by Riel, and which kept the Canadian government on the qui vive for twenty years or more. Anna Louise Fleming, who afterward became Mrs. Huff, was born in England, and, orphaned in infancy, was adopted by an uncle, Colonel Frank Taylor-Haye, and taken by him to live on his ranch in the Canadian northwest, most of which was then unorganized. The ranch was near a large Indian reservation, and Colonel Taylor-Haye was a staunch friend of the natives and greatly interested in their welfare.

Davies

* * *

ON ONE OCCASION COLONEL Taylor-Haye was instrumental in saving an Indian's claim for him after an unprincipled scoundrel had tricked him out of it. This fellow had obtained several hundred newly minted pennies, and, persuading the Indian that the pennies were gold, had obtained from him a relinquishment of his claim. The poor Indian appealed to the colonel, who caused proceedings to be brought which resulted in the restoration of the Indian's land and the imprisonment of the rascal in the penitentiary.

* * *

WHEN THE INDIANS, PARTly suffering from real wrongs, and partly goaded by politicians, were about to go on the warpath, they took care to protect their good friend. On his fences and buildings they painted marks which indicated to all tribesmen that nothing so marked was to be molested. To each member of the family was given a white feather as a symbol of peace.

* * *

IN ORDER TO MAKE ASSURance doubly sure little Anna Louise and a girl cousin of about her own age were abducted by a friendly squaw and kept for several days in a dugout for fear that through mistake, or in excitement, they might be injured. Food was brought secretly to the children in their refuge, but there was so little of it that hunger was scarcely appeased. After the raid was over the children were returned to their home. Their own people were safe, but many others had been massacred. Thousands of cattle had been driven off by the raiders, among them some belonging to the Taylor-Haye ranch. As fast as the brands on these cattle were recognized the animals were cut out, rounded up and driven back to their own range.

* * *

DURING PEACEFUL TIMES the ranch was visited each fall by almost white Indian tribes. Each fall many animals were killed and large quantities of meat was packed for the use of the ranch force. In some way that was never made quite clear the Indians learned when the slaughtering was about to begin, and mysteriously they made their appearance and set up their tepees near by. The Indians welcomed whatever parts of the animals the whites did not wish to use, and for days they busied themselves curing in the smoke of their fires the gifts which they had received from their great white friend.

* * *

ANNA LOUISE TOOK KINDly to ranch life and became a part of it. Like all ranch girls she spent much of her time in the saddle, and through her contacts with natives and settlers from many lands she learned several languages other than her own. She could communicate in their own language with French half-breeds, German settlers and Doukabors, of whom there were several large settlements in the northwest.

* * *

AMONG THE FANTASTIC ideas which took possession of many of the Doukhobors was that of making long pilgrimages in a state of nudity. The authorities found it extremely difficult to deal with this mania, which broke out intermittently for several years Few of the Doukhobors understood English, and scarcely any of the police were able to address the Doukhobors in their own language. The governor of the territory learned that young Miss Fleming, living on a far western ranch, was conversant with the Doukhobor language. The governor communicated with Colonel Taylor-Haye, asking if he would permit his niece to accompany the Mounted Police who were being sent to intercept the march of the fanatics and act as interpreter. The uncle said he would leave it to the young lady herself. She was called in and consented, and soon she was on her way, with a special guard of mounties to look after her safety. After a long ride the strange marching column was sighted. Miss Fleming spoke to a man who appeared to be the leader of the party, and the man's manner in replying so incensed the police who were nearest that before an officer could interfere they had the fellow well beaten. The remaining negotiations were conducted without violence. The marchers were instructed to return to their homes, clothe themselves, and conduct themselves like sane human beings. That ended the marching of that particular party.

—W. P. DAVIES.

A. I. HUNTER ADMITS THAT he is a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, but he insists that he never mixes politics with business. As farmer, brick manufacturer, livery man and banker he has done business with thousands of people, and he maintains that he has always dealt with a business proposition on its merits, without inquiring into the political affiliations of the party of the other part. There was one occasion, however, when he had some trouble in convincing some of his friends that he had been quite as careful as he should have been to keep politics and business separate.

Davies

* * *

IT ALL HAPPENED AWAY back, shortly after Bryan began to run for president—to be exact, in 1900. Bryan was running that year on an anti-imperialism platform, and when it was advertised that he was about to make his first appearance in Grand Forks people from many miles around began to make their arrangements to see and hear him.

* * *

AT THAT TIME WE HAD A ball park away out west, somewhere south of the Great Northern roundhouse, and it was arranged that Bryan should speak there. A suitable platform was erected, and the crowds poured into the grounds. There were no automobiles, of course, and as Hunter had the best livery equipment in town, even though he was known to be a Republican he was engaged to provide a team and carriage to take the distinguished visitor to and from the grounds.

* * *

ON THE WAY OUT THE trip was uneventful. The team stepped along briskly, the driver performed perfectly, and Mr. Bryan was delivered at the appointed place on time. Everybody enjoyed the speech, even though not all of those present voted in accordance with the advice given. When the congratulations and hand-shaking were over the speaker entered the waiting carriage to be driven to his train. The driver shook the reins and said "Giddap." And those horses just shook their heads and refused to budge! Threats, persuasion and trickery were all used. When the animals were touched up with the whip they reared and threatened to wreck the carriage. It was proposed that a couple of men blow in the horses' ears, but the brutes showed their teeth at this suggestion. The idea of building a fire under them was dismissed as being hazardous to the candidate. Nobody wanted a president to go into office with his hair all burned off. There the presidential candidate sat, behind a balky team, and he continued to sit there until somebody brought up another team not suspected of ultra-Republican sympathies.

* * *

HUNTER MAINTAINS TO this day that both he and the driver were innocent. He is not quite positive about the horses, but there are Democrats living who remember that incident who would not even now trust Hunter out of sight with a candidate of their party.

* * *

S. K. KNUTSON OF BELMONT, is reminded by the finding of gold in northwestern North Dakota of the experience of a cousin of his who as a youth went into the Edmonton district of Canada some 26 years ago and spent three summers panning gold along the Saskatchewan. The gold was brought down from the hills and was found in the sand along the river, and steady work was required to find enough to pay for the labor. The young man had troughs made, with baffles across the bottoms to catch the sand, and he used quicksilver to gather the fine gold. By working hard he was able to make three dollars a day, and this he found profitable for a time, as he lived in a tent and his expenses were small.

* * *

LIKE A GOOD MANY MEN who have entered the gold fields, however, he found that there was more money to be made in selling goods to prospectors and settlers, and he started a little store in which he prospered so well that before long he had bought a large tract of land. This proved so profitable that he was able to retire with a comfortable fortune, and in recent years he has spent much of his time traveling.

* * *

READING THE MENTION IN this column of old-time magicians D. J. McDonald, of the State's theater, was reminded of one magician of convivial habits who was taken to his hotel room one evening after 6 o'clock in a state of complete collapse from his afternoon potations, but who put on his usual performance that evening without anything unusual being noticed by those who were not already aware of his condition.

* * *

ONE OF THE FAVORITE stunts of several of those performers, Tyndall, McEwan and others, was to drive a team all over the city while they, the drivers, were blindfolded. Some of the "mind-reading" performances were really mystifying. The performers insisted that these feats were accomplished by means of a mysterious thought transference, the existence of which, I believe, is denied by scientists. Nobody can prove anything about it, one way or the other, by me, but I have been present at some of those performances where I am sure there was no collusion, and where every care was taken to avoid the possibility of trickery by the performer.

* * *

MANY PERSONS HAVE MIXed up thought transference with spiritism, which is wholly unwarranted. The theory set forth by the thought transference people is practicaly identical with the theory which is demonstrated daily in radio, namely, that waves are constantly being sent out which are imperceptible under ordinary conditions, but which, with a properly tuned receiving apparatus, are distinguishable and intelligible. I am not passing on any of these theories.

Balky team driven by Louis Campbell

See Apr 26/32

AMONG THE CLAIMS TO DISTINCTION that the good town of Buxton can advance, in addition to being the home of Budd Reeve and Oscar Sorlie and the former home of Dr. James Grassick, is that it was once the home of Jim O'Neill. Some people call him that; others call him Mister and others who wish to be quite formal refer to him as James H. O'Neill, general manager of the western lines of the Great Northern. Fifty-odd years ago he was just Jim. The story of his progress is told in a short article in "Railroad Stories" entitled "O'Neill of the Great Northern," by Walter E. Mair.

Davies

* * *

JIM WAS ONE OF A FAMILY of seven, and, with his brothers and sisters he absorbed education at the Buxton village school until, at the age of 15 he thought he had better make some practical use of his education. Accordingly he got a job as water-boy for an extra gang at Devils Lake. Just how well he carried water is not recorded, but his early impression that the railroad life was the life for him had become thoroughly fixed. Before he was 15 Charlie Keller, conductor at Grand Forks, had put him on as brakeman, and Jim's father promptly took him off as he considered the boy too young for such foolishness. There were arguments and arguments, but these arguments like a good many others in later years, were decided Jim's way. Before his 15th birthday he was officially registered as a railroad man, and he has been a railroad man ever since. He had to sign away all claim in case of accident, but that didn't matter, as he had no intention of having an accident.

* * *

IN A LITTLE OVER A YEAR Jim was conductor, running extra freight between Grand Forks and Barnesville at 3 cents a mile. We are told that the one-way trip took about 14 hours when the going was good, which it often was not. The story recalls railroad conditions which were very different from those of today. The railroad had not yet become the Great Northern. It was the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba, although that made no difference in its operation. Cars were connected by link and pin, a system which amputated many a finger and thumb. Brakes were hand-set, which developed muscle and called for the use of it. The writer is not exaggerating when he says that digging out of a blizzard was a shovel job, for, while there were such things as snow plows, they were crude affairs. The rotary had not been invented, and the only way to get through a drift was to push. If pushing would not do the trick there was nothing for it but to get out and dig.

* * *

O'NEILL RAN TRAINS FOR 11 years, and then Captain Jenks, who was then superintendent at Grand Forks, thought he needed a little polish, so he had him sent to the general offices in St. Paul to be initiated into the mysteries of railroad accounting and for general culture. That lasted two or three years and in 1902 Jim was sent west to be trainmaster at Great Falls. He was moved on from one position to another, among his jobs being that of superintending the Cascade division in the years before the tunnel was built, and when taking a train across the mountains was a real adventure. Those were the days when the superintendent's office at Grand Forks attributed every train delay to "snow in the mountains," no matter what time of year it was, and I suppose there were a good many times the explanation was correct.

* * *

DURING THE WAR JIM worked for the government, as all other railroad men did. He was stationed at Seattle as terminal manager of the U. S. Consolidated Railroad lines, and it was part of his job to untangle the traffic in the yards, where thousands of cars were held indefinitely while steamboat lines were taking their pick of the choice freight and letting the rest lie. Jim began assessing demurrage at a rate which brought howls of protest from the dilatory ones, but the protests went unheeded, and cars were unloaded with frantic haste.

* * *

THE WAR OVER, THE BUXton boy became general superintendent of the Great Northern's western lines, assistant general manager and general manager. There are only a few steps ahead of him, and his friends have no doubt that they will be taken in due course.

* * *

THE STORY OF JIM O'NEILL'S career could be duplicated in most of its essentials in the career of many of the men who hold top positions in the railway field. James J. Hill was a conspicuous example of remarkable development from small beginnings by sheer force of character, and the Great Northern has many men in important positions who began, if not as water boys, in equally obscure positions. This is true of railway work in general. Most of the men at the top have worked every step of the way.

THERE IS CONSTANT CONflict between those who favor the destruction of predatory birds and animals and those who do not. Much of the discussion revolves around crows and hawks, and both of these have their defenders, on the ground that while they do destroy other creatures which are considered useful, they also destroy vermin of other kinds and the good that they do overbalances the evil. Others denounce these birds and insist that they should be destroed wherever found. One Jack Miner, of Kingsville, Ont., has some very decided opinions on the subject of hawks which he sets forth in a circular from which the following paragraphs are taken:

Davies

* * *

LET ME GIVE YOU THE NATural methods of our wickedest hawks' hunting system in their natural home, namely the virgin forest. He darts through the woods at a height of about six or eight feet from the ground, then noiselessly he shoots up at about a one o'clock angle where he will perch on a limb as motionless as a statue about fifty feet from the ground, then in about five or ten minutes he will come darting down at a five o'clock angle creating speed and making no more noise than a dart, and if any bird moves in front of him he is on it like lightning. When in the open field he travels high and I have seen a Goshawk come down out of the air like a miniature aeroplane, and the Bobolinks and Meadow Larks dart and hide in the tall grass, and so swift is this hawk coming from this elevated position I have seen him pick an adult forked-tail Barn Swallow right out of the air and go on. As for game birds here in Canada at that time, very true, there were no Mourning Doves worthy of mention, but I have seen over one hundred and fifty Bob-White Quail fly to the surrounding woods off of one settler's partly cleared farm, and Ruffed Grouse, they were in the woods by the hundreds; in fact I am absolutely certain that taking all classes of song, insectivorous and game birds into consideration, there were ninety-five per cent more than there are today. Of course, this includes the Passenger pigeons that were here in the early seventies, but as far as the hawks and owls are concerned, according to my observations, they are as plentiful now as they ever were, and before any of you contradict this statement let me ask you what has decreased them? Have the hunters gone out to kill them? No, but we have gone out by the millions, and combined our force with them and shot the game birds right and left. I do not know when the Passenger pigeon started dying but in 1878 I do know they were dying by the hundreds and in 1885 they were practically extinct.

* * *

THE GREAT COMPLAINT about killing the hawk is, you are "interfering with nature," or "upsetting nature's balance," as they killed the weak and the delicate one, which I firmly believe they did, and the great Provider put them here for that purpose. And now with the ninety-five per cent of their food birds gone, which includes the Passenger pigeons, the hawks are left here hungry, and the only way to restore nature, or bring nature back to her own, is to reduce them to the same extent that other bird life has been reduced; for remember, while a hawk will take a weak, delicate bird first, he can and does catch any he wants to, all except the larger variety of hawks, which include the Red-Tail, Red-Shoulder and Broad-Winged Hawks. Personally, I do not shoot these big, clumsy varieties, for while they will take rabbits and a few domestic fowl and so on, that does not bother me so much, but to find the feathers of our cheerful Cardinals and dozens of places where Mourning Doves have been killed and eaten by such varieties as Cooper's, Sharp Shinned and Marsh Hawks, just says to me, Jack Miner you are not humane and do not love and know the value of our song and insectivorous birds if you will stand for it. Readers, one Cardinal singing good cheer near my home brings me more enjoyment than to see a hundred hawks and hear the terrorized cries of other valuable birds getting away from them.

* * *

AS FAR AS INTERFERING with nature is concerned the same may be said of the sheep dog. Are you going to allow him to continue unchecked in your community or are you going to control him? The same can be said of the wolves in Ontario, that have been allowed to multiply and have decreased our deer alarmingly the last twenty years and will continue to do so until they are controlled by man. The same could apply to our field mice or rabbits in our young orchards. If man goes and kills them, you, according to some men's arguments would be interfering with nature. I say this is nonsense, go and kill them and save your orchard that it may bear fruit for the rising generations. The same argument, re-interfering with nature, applies when you kill the typhoid fly. God created it, but He created man to control it. So I say, as far as this argument is concerned, it is up to men to control the hawks. Why bless your life, He has even given us power to control Niagara Falls.

* * *

IT IS TRUE THE SPARROW Hawk's chief living in the fall of the year is crickets and grasshoppers and I might say he is a good little mouse catcher, but years ago when I raised pheasants and quail in captivity ,the first two or three weeks of these baby game birds' life, the Sparrow Hawk was one of my worst enemies. In fact one Sparrow Hawk carried away ten little baby pheasants in three hours. Yes, a great deal is said about the mouse-destroying ability of the hawks and owls and, in reply to this, the little weasel is the biggest mouse destroyer we have in America, yet I knew one weasel to kill and carry away thirty-three baby pheasants in one night and pile them up under mullein leaves, etc. Next to the weasel there is nothing to equal the house cat, for both the weasel and the house cat are natural mouse killers, but the quicker they are buried side by side the better for the song, insectivorous and game birds; but remember, the hawks are natural bird killers.

* * *

ONE PAGE OF MR. MINER'S circular describes in detail the contents of some 50 crops of hawks and owls which were examined. In nearly every case there were discovered the remains of smaller birds. In several cases the remains of young pheasants were found. In the crop of a red-tailed hawk was found a young blowing adder. The sparrow hawks seemed to have lived chiefly on insects, grasshoppers, crickets and dragon flies. The observations having been made in Ontario may not be applicable to this territory, but persons who observe closely the habits of our own birds may be interested in comparing this record with their own experience.

—W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

NOWHERE IN THE WORLD can finer garden products be grown than in North Dakota. We do not grow oranges and bananas here, and we do not need to do so. We can well afford to leave those things to our southern neighbors and confine our attention to the things that are adapted to our own climate. Of these there is great variety, and the quality of such products is unexcelled. Instead of the orange we have the tomato, and there is all the difference in the world between the tomato ripened on the vine in North Dakota and the southern product. The North Dakota tomato has a flavor that I have never found duplicated anywhere else.

Davies

* * *

IT SEEMS ODD WHEN THE tomato has become one of our standard vegetables, or fruits, whichever way it may be classified, to look back to the time when it was a rarity, grown only for ornamental purposes. While the tomato has been used as an article of food since long before my birth, its use was for a long time restricted to a few daring families and to particular localities. My own people had acquired the tomato habit quite early and raised and consumed great quantities of what most of the neighbors regarded with suspicion.

* * *

BY MANY PERSONS TOMAtoes were considered rank poison, and I suppose that there are still those who adhere to the old belief that eating tomatoes caused cancer. If all the things that have been charged with responsibility for cancer were omitted from our diet we should starve to death.

* * *

IN THIS CLIMATE THE IMportant thing in growing tomatoes is to get them started early. Tomatoes grown from seed planted out of doors in the spring will ripen occasionally, but the conditions must be just right, and in any case the early fall frosts are likely to catch them. The only safe plan is to use plants started indoors quite early, and for the person who has space for only a few plants it is real economy to pay the slight additional price for plants individually potted and well weathered so as to make them hardy. Such plants can be set out without having a leaf wilt and without any checking of growth.

THE SEED CATALOGUES enumerate dozens of varieties of tomatoes, and their selection is largely a matter of taste. My practice has been to grow two varieties, early and late. For the early sort I have grown usually the Earliana or the John Baer. They ripen at about the same time, but my preference is for the John Baer, as it seems to be smoother than the other. For a late variety I have stuck steadily to the Ponderosa, which, I believe, is the largest tomato grown. I have read of specimens grown specially for exhibition purposes that weighed four pounds. Any such size can be attained of course, only by pruning back and restricting the production of a vine to a single specimen, which is not feasible in growing for table use. Under ordinary garden conditions I have grown several Ponderosas that weighed 1½ pounds, and once I had one that tipped the scale at 28 ounces.

* * *

THERE ARE THOSE WHO DO not care for the flavor of Ponderosa, as they prefer a more acid tomato. For those who like a mild flavor it is ideal. It is pink, rather than scarlet in color, and almost seedless. A slice from one suggests a large steak.

* * *

THIS HAS BEEN A GREAT country for sweetpeas, but in recent years there has been a great deal of trouble from blight, and nobody seems to know exactly what to do about it. As a rule the experts advise a change of ground, which is always desirable for reasons not at all associated with blight. But sweetpeas suffer from blight quite often when planted on ground where no peas have ever been grown before, and that fact seems to stump the experts. Watering does not seem to protect them, for the same trouble has occurred where watering has been done regularly and correctly, that if, by soaking the ground thoroughly rather than by sprinkling. If anyone has any suggestions I should like to have them.

* * *

THOSE WHO HAVE HAD much experience in gardening know that most sprinkling does more harm than good. The roots of a plant are down in the soil, and not on the surface. If there is plenty of moisture underneath the roots will go down after it. Repeated moistening of the surface tends to develop root growth near the surface, and then a day or two of hot wind burns the plants up. With small seedlings, of course, the surface needs to be kept moist until the plants are well established.

—W. P. DAVIES.

MAX GAULKE OFFERS AN amendment or addition to the story of the balky team that refused to haul William J. Bryan from the ball park in 1898. He says that when the team refused to function admirers in the crowd unhitched the horses and hauled the carriage themselves. He is not sure whether they hauled the rig all the way down town or only until another and more reasonable team had been found. He stood in the crowd only a few feet from the platform and remembers the incident very well. I cannot speak of this incident in the capacity of an eye witness, for I had business at the office and left the place on my bicycle as soon as the speech was over. During the address, being a newspaper man, I occupied a seat on the platform, and, no doubt, I was greatly envied by those who had to stand up. At my left sat a man who shall be nameless who, during the entire address, kept up a constant flow of talk in an undertone, explaining how well he knew Mr. Bryan, how often he had met him, what he had said to Bryan and what Bryan said to him. About half of this was addressed to me and the other half to the man on the other side, who, I am sure, enjoyed it quite as much as I did.

Davies

I often wonder why it is that persons otherwise apparently fairly intelligent will persist in making pests of themselves in that way.

* * *

ANOTHER MAN WHO REmembers the incident of the balky team is Joseph Kitchen, of Walhalla. Mr. Kitchen has operated a photographic studio in Walhalla for 35 years, which he believes makes him the oldest photographer in point of continuous business in one place. While I was visiting with Mr. Kitchen the other day he showed me a group photo of an Old Settlers' gathering at Walhalla in 1898. Seated in the exact center of the foreground is James Twamley, who for several years was associated with Frank Vietz in the mercantile business in Grand Forks. They occupied a two-story frame building at the corner of Third and DeMers which later became the property of Mr. Twamley and which was rented to R. B. Griffith, later purchased by him and removed to make room for the present Ontario Store building.

* * *

OFF TO ONE SIDE OF THE picture is George B. Winship, who seldom missed a meeting of old settlers. Walhalla was the scene of several such gatherings, and they were all very happy affairs. They were held in the pretty little park down by the river, which is now the property of the city and is to be improved and made generally attractive.

MR. KITCHEN ARRIVED AT the little village of Walhalla in 1897 with a portable photographic outfit with which he had taken pictures all the way down the valley from Grand Forks. Reaching Walhalla he liked the looks of the place and remained there. On the way he picked up Charles H. Lee, a young printer in search of a location. Lee had been working for Frank Willson on the Bathgate Pink Paper and had been investigating the prospects in various towns. Walhalla had no railroad at that time, but one was expected soon, and Lee decided to set up business there. He established the Mountaineer and conducted it until his death. That paper has just been awarded a trophy for the best community service given by any paper in a town with population between 700 and 1,500.

* * *

WALHALLA IS NOW SERVED by the Great Northern, but other plans were in view at that time. Local people had tried to induce Mr. Hill in an extension of his road to the village at the foot of the mountain, but his reaction was not encouraging. After suffering several disappointments the townspeople determined to take matters into their own hands. They organized the Walhalla, Bathgate & Drayton Railroad company and proceeded to obtain right of way for a road connecting Walhalla with Drayton and crossing the Great Northern to Bathgate. The plan was to ignore the Great Northern altogether and connect up with the Northern Pacific at Drayton. Mr. Hill saw the light in due time and built the branch from Grafton to Walhalla. The war was over and the projected Farmers' line was abandoned.

* * *

WALHALLA OCCUPIES ONE of the most beautiful sites in the state. The elevation at the west is known locally as the mountain. It does not compare in height with the Rockies, but it is something more than a mere hill. Seen from the east it looms up against the sky line in sharp contrast to the flatness of the valley below. It is a stiff climb to the top of the mountain, but the view is worth the effort, even if one must make it on foot. From the great elevation one looks down across the entire valley, with its farms and groves and the river fringed with timber winding its irregular way toward the Red. The effect is particularly pleasing on a summer afternoon of alternating sunshine and showers. Then one may watch little showers chasing each other across the plain, each presenting a dense veil of falling water, while between the sun shines brightly and creates interesting combinations of light and shadow.

* * *

IN THE VIEW FROM THE mountain alone Walhalla has an asset such as few other towns possess. The completion of the grading of Highway 32 makes the town easily accessible from the south, and as that road is to be graveled this season tourists, whether from a distance or from our own state,

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

I HAVE JUST BEEN READING a mystery story, a type of literature of which I have always been fond. I have read that many great men have been fond of mystery stories, and I have seen learned explanations of why the distinguished judge or legislator, when starting on a vacation trip, will pack his grip full of detective stories instead of with the highbrow stuff which might seem more in his line. It may be that the psychologist can put his finger on the precise thing that a mystery story does to the mind of a great thinker, just as the dietitian can tell exactly what a spoonful of applesauce will do to one's thyroid or pancreas. I don't believe, however, that anyone reads mystery stories in order that he may be enabled the better to grapple with the problems of the universe anymore than any normal person eats apple-sauce just for its effect on his secretions. I have a suspicion that most of those who read such stories read them because they like them. Anyway, that's why I read them, and not with any thought of physical, intellectual or moral benefit.

Davies

* * *

I HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED in some recent mystery stories because they contain too much mystery. Being a person of simple tastes I never cared much for a nine course dinner, not even when times were flush. could always get enough calories and vitamins from a good roast with a few simple trimmings, whereas the more complicated menu was confusing and disturbing .Similarly, I like my mystery stories so planned that I need not have expert knowledge of any of the ologies in order to keep track of it.

* * *

IN THE YARN WHICH I have just finished there are two murders, an embezzlement and some minor offenses. This is a deplorable waste of good material, and waste of every kind should be avoided in times like these. I am fond of murders, provided they are well done. I don't like them messy, or too emotional. The indiscriminate scattering around of mangled remains is repugnant to me, and it is very uncomfortable to have a lot of weeping relatives around.

* * *

STORIES THAT CONTAIN such elements are avoided by me, except in emergencies, but you take a neat, clever, artistic murder and you have something that can be made thoroughly satisfactory with proper treatment. The trouble with the story which I have mentioned is that it spoils a perfectly good murder by lugging in another and entirely unnecessary one. The reader is thus compelled to scatter when he ought to concentrate. At the outset he is presented with a good, standard murder upon which to exercise his wits. He follows the several clues, finds suspicion cast first on one person and then on another and the trial is leading toward a satisfactory conclusion when bang! another murder is thrown right at him. Instead of being on firm ground he is up to his neck in a bog.

* * *

IF A MURDER HAS NOT SUFficient merit to stand on its own feet the writer should leave it alone. There are plenty of good ones.

* * *

THE MAN WHO DROVE THE balky team which refused to haul William J. Bryan is Louis Campbell, for a good many ears secretary of the Red River Valley Brick corporation, and now with the Robertson Lumber company. While in Grand Forks on a business trip Mr. Campbell read the story of the balky team and confessed that he was the man on the box on that eventful occasion. He denies emphatically that the balking was prearranged or had any political significance, but he admits that both he and others around the barn knew that those big blacks were tricky.

* * *

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF territorial and state history the late M. F. Murphy was a Republican, and at one time he was elected to the state senate from the Sixth district on the Republican ticket. Later he became an enthusiastic Bryan man and a member of the Democratic party. Louis Campbell was an equally pronounced Republican. On the day of the 1900 Bryan meeting it was his job to drive the speaker to the grounds and to remain in charge of the team and carriage during the address, close to the platform, in order that there might be no delay in leaving after the meeting. Seeing him there Mr. Murphy said to him: "Louis, I'm glad to see that you've got to sit right here close to the platform and listen to every word of the speech. And I hope it will do you some good."

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

AMONG THE EFFECTS OF the late Dr. H. M. Wheeler was found recently an interesting souvenir in the shape of a booklet issued by the Grand Forks Commercial club in connection with a tour of the Great Northern lines in North Dakota, August 20-24, 1906. At this distance the names of the club officers and directors and of the members of the excursion party will bring up a good many recollections in the minds of those who are left. At that time E. J. Lander was president of the club Alvin Robertson first vice president, W. K. Nash, second vice president, A. L. Woods secretary, and F. S. Sargent, treasurer. The directors were Alvin Robertson, Sig Wolff, N. G. Benner, H. Bendeke, R. B. Griffith, M. F. Murphy, Chas. N. Barnes, Geo. B. Clifford, William Spriggs, E. J. Lander, Geo. B. Winship, John Dinnie, W. K. Nash, H. N. Wells and Geo. E. Duis.

Davies

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MEMBERS OF THE EXCURsion party were A. O. Anderson, C. N. Barnes, O. J. Barnes, D. H. Beecher, W. S. Begg, T. E. Burke, F. D. Cameron, L. H. Carter, A. P. Clifford, W. A. Collins, T. S. Corrigan, W. P. Davies, George Davis, John Dinnie, Geo. E. Duis, O. T. Ellestad, W. W. Fegan, H. B. Finch, Eugene Fretz Jr., H. K. Geist, Geo. W. Getts, L. B. Gibbs, W. A. Gordon, D. M. Holmes, Hotel Dacotah, representative not named, G. R. Jacobi, R. Jeffrey, F. V. Kent, A. Knudson, E. J. Lander, L. M. Larson, Thomas Cassidy, R. H. McCoy, D. McDonald, D. W. McKenzie, A. M. Marshall, M. F. Murphy, F. P. Nash, J. R. Poupore, H. Rasmussen, J. P. Read, Fred Redick, Louis Rhode ,Alvin Robertson, O. F .Rustad, L. H. Sannes, J. E. Sheehy, J. Walker Smith, John A. Sorley, P. O. Thorson, S. Torgerson, Geo. E. Towle, J. E. Turner, O. A. Webster, H. M. Wheeler, C. F. Whitcomb, E. J. White, W. S. Whitman, W. L. Wilder, H. L. Willson, Geo. B. Winship, W. A. Wittebecker.

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ON A MONDAY MORNING this company boarded a special train consisting, according to my recollection, of two Pullmans, day coach, diner and baggage car. Conductor Charles McCormick had charge of the train, and he was assisted by Brakeman R. J. Purcell. The Grand Forks Military band of 18 pieces made the trip and furnished music at all stops.

The original idea was to have the excursion cover all the Great Northern lines north and west of Grand Forks to the Montana line. On a check of the mileage it was found that this could not be done in the five days assigned to the tour and it was necessary to omit the Neche, Walhalla and Hannah lines. These were covered by automobile on the next excursion.

* * *

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF these lines the entire Great Northern system in the northern part of the state was covered and a stop was made at every station. The tour was so arranged that if a particular station was passed in the night going one way it would be visited by daylight on the return trip. If it was nightfall when a branch was reached the run to the northern terminus was made during the night and stops were made all the way back next day. If the branch was reached in the morning the line would be worked to the end and the run back made at night.

* * *

AT EVERY STOP THE EXcursionists, headed by the band, would parade through the principal street, make personal calls at the business places, and selected orators representing excursionists and local community would exchange greetings. Some of the stops were of but a few minutes, while at the larger towns stops of an hour or more were made. In order to make sure that no part of the mileage had been missed the train was run across the Missouri. yields to the spirit of play.

* * *

ALTOGETHER IT WAS A pleasant week. Nobody tried to sell anything, the object being to see the country and get acquainted. Not only did the excursionists see places that were new to many of them and meet people whom they had never met before, but they got better acquainted with each other than they had ever been. Let seventy or more men spend a week together on a train and they will make interesting discoveries concerning each other, and most of those discoveries will be desirable. Men who have been regarded as distant and chilly thaw out perceptibly under the influence of good companionship, and dignity ields to the spirit of play.

* * *

IN SCANNING THE LIST OF excursionists I was interested in noting that three of the men who were honored at the Masonic exercises on Sunday, Dr. Wheeler, D. M. Holmes and Geo. B. Winship, had been members of that party. Probably H. Bendeke was away on one of his frequent trips to Europe.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

WHEN THE TURNER SASH and door factory burned the other day there was some comparing of notes over where and when the first sash and door factory in Grand Forks was built. In The Herald for October 13, 1882, mention is made of the fact that H. F. Langard was preparing to build a sash and door factory "on lower Third street, near the boat yards." That must have been the first plant of that kind in Grand Forks. Along in the nineties the mill was operated by Archie Chisholm. In addition to the usual planing mill work Chisholm did considerable custom sawing. The Walker mill, and later the big mill at East Grand Forks, sawed lumber from pine logs from the Minnesota pine woods. The Chisholm mill confined its lumber operations chiefly to hardwood logs cut from the timber belt along the two rivers.

Davies

* * *

AT THAT TIME THERE WAS abundance of oak along the rivers, and the owners of river claims upstream cut logs in the winter and floated them down in the spring, while those downstream hauled their logs to Grand Forks on the ice. Many thousands of feet of oak and elm lumber were thus produced, and I suppose there are still standing on river farms a good many buildings whose frames are of this sturdy material.

* * *

ADJOINING THE CHISHOLM mill was another building, for what purpose first used I do not know, which was the first home of the Grand Forks Woolen mill. It was a rambling old structure and was not intended as permanent quarters. When it appeared likely that the woolen mill experiment was likely to be successful the company built the building at Third and University which has been occupied for several years by J. E. Sandlie. For a time it seemed that this plant would be a permanent asset of great value to the city and state, but the competition of the big Eastern mills was too strenuous and the business was discontinued.

* * *

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT for passengers on the Great Northern west from Grand Forks in these days to imagine a steamboat at Bartlett, but there was one there forty years ago. Just how or why it happened to be at Bartlett I do not know, but forty years ago this month Captain Hugh Maloney was arranging to have the boat transported to Devils Lake, where he expected to use it for passenger and freight business. The boat, 60 feet long, had presumably been shipped from the east and unloaded at Bartlett, which at that time was the end of the railroad. It had been hoped to float the craft to the east end of Devils Lake, but this had not been found possible. Some one had contracted to haul it overland for $400. The plan was to have the boat make regular trips, day and night, on Devils Lake, carrying passengers by day and freight at night. Whether or not the boat was ever got to Devils Lake I do not know. Perhaps somebody else does.

* * *

IN THE EIGHTIES THE COUNtry was full of railway rumors, and he was a pessimistic man who did not expect a new road to strike his town within a year or two. It was reported that the Rock Island was preparing to build through Grand Forks and on north. Another rumor had it that the Northwestern was headed this way and might be expected to arrive almost any time. There were also numerous roads projected by independent promoters, and the number of these was legion.

* * *

A MAN NAMED MUNGER WAS given much space in the papers in connection with his project for a road from Grand Forks to Duluth. His scheme flattened out, but Munger was afterward associated with D. W. Hines in the promotion of a Farmers' railroad to Duluth. This project was originated by Hines, a Pembina county farmer who had several queer twists in his head. One of these was for building railroads, and another for the founding of religious sects.

* * *

THE ORIGINAL HINES PROJect was for a road from Drayton to Duluth. Farmers were to donate the right-of-way, and anyone was willing to give a few rods of land in order to have a railroad pass right by his door. Grading was to be done by the farmers in exchange for stock in the road. Ties were also to be obtained from owners of Minnesota timber land, also in exchange for stock. Then, with the roadbed built and the ties available, the road was to be bonded for enough money to provide rails, rolling stock and labor to complete the job. It all figured out very nicely, and Hines had an enthusiastic following.

* * *

WITH THE PROSPECTS FOR his main line promising, Hines began to respond to demands for branches and the branches became so numerous that the whole scheme fell through.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

MENTION HAS BEEN MADE in this column of certain murders which attracted wide attention in Ontario some fifty years ago. Dakota territory also had its homicide sensations, one of which is recalled by many of the present residents of the state. This was the killing of the Ward Brothers on April 26, 1883. This was the outgrowth of one of the contests over homestead rights which were quite common for several years as the territory was being settled up.

Davies

* * *

EACH SPRING FOR SEVERAL years every train was loaded with land seekers from the east. Most of these were prospective settlers in search of homes, while others were speculators of one sort or another who expected to profit from the demand for land without putting either money or labor into it themselves. Among the riff-raff accompanying the tide of genuine immigration were those who adopted the profession of claim-jumping as the easiest way to make a living.

* * *

VARIOUS METHODS WERE employed by the claim-jumpers. One of these which was often used was a species of blackmail which has its parallel in what is now usually called racketeering. Claim-jumpers, usually working in pairs, would establish themselves on a claim already occupied or would move into the shack of the homesteader while he was temporarily absent and would then negotiate for a cash payment as the price of their withdrawal. The homesteader faced the possibility of a long contest before land office people without any certainty that they would not be disposed by the use of perjured testimony. In any case a contest would cost some money. Quite often the jumpers were bought off for the sake of peace. Then they moved on to try the same game on some other victim.

* * *

PUBLIC RESENTMENT WAS strong against these scoundrels, and it was considered quite pardonable to shoot the claim-jumpers at sight. This was actually done in some cases, and if legal proceedings were instituted there were no convictions. Juries gave a liberal interpretation to the theory of self-defense.

IT WAS WHILE THERE WAS much heat over claim-jumping that the Ward incident occurred. Two brothers, Charles F. and Frederick Ward, had a dispute with a settler named Bell over the right to a claim. They asserted that Bell had set up his shanty on a section line and was trying to hold two claims at once. One of the Wards built a cabin on one of these claims, which Bell maintained was his own. Ward was ordered off, and as he failed to move, his cabin was wrecked by other settlers who sympathized with Bell. The Wards built another cabin and were inside with a companion named Elliott when a posse of settlers appeared before the shanty.

* * *

THERE WAS WIDE DISagreement as to what actually occurred. It is certain that shots were fired from both sides, but there was dispute as to which side fired first. One story had it that a volley of shots was first fired from the cabin, wounding, though not seriously injuring one or more of the posse. The other story represented the settlers pouring a fusillade into the cabin when one of the Wards opened the door, the Wards returning the shots for a time. When the shooting was over both the Wards were dead. Elliott escaped with a beating.

* * *

FEELING OVER THE AFFAIR ran high. On the one hand it was represented that the killing of the Wards was a brutal and unprovoked murder, and that the Wards were within their rights, legal and moral. On the other hand it was said that the Wards were professional claim-jumpers who had been employed for this purpose by others who planned to appropriate large tracts of land by dispossessing honest settlers, and that they had been engaged in similar operations in the vicinity of Bartlett, at that time the end of the railroad.

* * *

I HAD BEEN IN THE JAMES River valley the year before this occurred and had heard much of the activities of claim-jumpers and of the indignation which had been aroused against them among the settlers. Then I was away for a year, and learned of the Ward episode only through the papers. I lost track of it after that and do not know what disposition was made of the cases against some members of the posse who were placed under arrest. There must be a good many people who know whether or not anyone connected with the case was convicted, or just what did happen. I should be glad to hear from any who have knowledge of the facts.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

IT IS JUST 35 YEARS SINCE there was organized what I believe was the first baseball league that functioned in this part of the country. At a meeting held at Fargo on April 30, 1897, the Red River Valley Baseball league was organized. The members were Grand Forks, Fargo, Moorhead and Wahpeton-Breckenridge. Before that time games had been played intermittently between teams representing various towns in the valley, but the new league was created to place baseball on a scale more nearly corresponding to that of the big leagues. The first Grand Forks team in this league was managed by W. A. Gordon, then engaged in the insurance business here and a member of the state senate from the Seventh district. In order that at least a partial amateur status should be preserved and to prevent rivalry in the payment of salaries to professional players it was decided to establish a salary limit of $400, but whether this was for the season or per month I am not clear. My recollection is that it was intended that each team should employ as paid players only a pitcher and catcher. Whatever the understanding was, accusations of violating the salary agreement were soon hurled back and forth, the general belief being that the Moorhead saloonkeepers were the worst offenders, they being determined that their town should win the league pennant regardless of limits.

Davies

* * *

IN CONNECTION WITH BASEball I have a letter from an old baseball fan, L. R. Nostdal of Rugby, whose experience, I am sure, has been shared by some others who do not follow the game closely enough to be familiar with the nicknames applied to the several teams. Mr. Nostdal writes:

* * *

"I HAVE BEEN A CONSTANT reader of 'The Herald' for over 30 years and of your 'That Reminds Me' column since that was sarted. This column seems to create a good deal of interesting discussion among your readers.

* * *

"IT IS NOW NEARLY 30 years since I left college and, as is probably the case with most Old Timers, I have been unable to spend much time in keeping track of the various sports reported in the press, but for several years after leaving college I did read the 'Sports Page' with interest. For the last 12 or 15 years, however, I have very seldom read the 'sports page' for the reason I can not understand the names applied to the various teams and contestants. About the only part of the 'sports page' I read, of baseball reports, is the percentage column where the names of the teams are correctly given.

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"AS AN ILLUSTRATION I will quote some of the names applied to some contending teams as given in some of the last issues of the Herald, to-wit: Cards, Cardinals, Pirates, Braves, Dodgers, Phillies, Athletics, Cubs, Bears, Wild Cats, Sox, Red Sox, Hub Sox, Red Legs, Red Sox, White Sox, Browns, Blues, Reds, Red Birds, Indians, Sioux, Tigers, Hens, Mud Hens, Senators, Brewers, Millers, Colonels, Giants, Midgets, Bucs, Bucaneers, Owls, Saints, Apostles and Devils and many other names.

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"OF COURSE, I AM PROBably an old fogy and don't keep up with the times, but I do not like to ask some youngster to what cities the various teams belong and consequently I generally pass up the 'Sports Page,' and I believe many of the other old timers do the same and for the same reason."

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NUMEROUS STORIES HAVE been published concerning the remarkable runs made by plays which at first were refused as hopeless by producer after producer. In an announcement of the forthcoming appearance in Grand Forks of James A. Herne in "Shore Acres" in 1897 there is told the story of the difficulty which Herne experienced in getting his play produced. He peddled it all over New York and nobody would touch it. At length R. M. Field consented to give the piece a trial in the Boston Museum. Field himself had no faith in it and had another play in rehearsal to put on after the expected flop. The play took hold immediately and ran for something like 200 nights, and for years it was the outstanding play of its class. It was succeeded by a whole flock of down east plays, several of which made fortunes for their producers, largely on the strength of the popularity of "Shore Acres."